

Around
The Jennings-Yager
Camp-Fire

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

"AROUND THE JENNINGS - YAGER CAMP-FIRE"

BY EMMA JENNINGS CLARK AND MYRA JENNINGS CURTIS

MAY, 1915.

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Clark Descendent of Early Vincennes,
Indiana

S. Caroline Clark ----- Van Fossen

B. Sept. 12, 1858

P.B. Vincennes, Indiana

Profession -- school teacher in one
of Nashville, Indiana's one-room
cabin schools

M. June 9, 1881

D. January 18, 1942

A Reunion Book

Given by -- Ray Van Fossen

B. April 24, 1889

D. August 3, 1965

_____ Mrs. Ray Van Fossen

The Jennings-Yager Camp-Fire

Prepared by Emma Jennings Clark
and Myra Jennings Curtis

Privately Printed
1915

To the precious memory of our beloved Parents,
Theodore Cole Jennings and Emily Ann Yager
Jennings, who have done so much for others.

* * *

“As little children playing along the wide seashore,
Launching their fragile barks freighted with precious store,
Tracing their wayward course till the waves their
treasures spend,—
So play we, children all, and shall unto the end.”

T. C. C.

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FOREWORD

Since the members of our family were reaching such an age that in a few years there would be but few to tell of the past, we were requested to write a suitable sketch including history and some of the folk-lore of the family. This we did, and after it was read at a family reunion at Cataract, Indiana, in the summer of 1914 we were requested to prepare it for publication. We therefore present to you "Around the Jennings-Yager Camp-fire," in which we have woven into story form historical facts, folk-lore and song.

We present this book to you in the year of the hundredth anniversary of our dear mother's birth.

We wish to thank all who have assisted us in any way.

Much of the book has to do with pioneer days at Cataract, Owen Co., Indiana.

If any errors are found herein,

"Don't view us with a critic's eye,
But pass our imperfections by."

Emma Jennings Clark.

Myra Jennings Curtis.

May, 1915.

AROUND THE JENNINGS- YAGER CAMP-FIRE

FIRST EVENING.

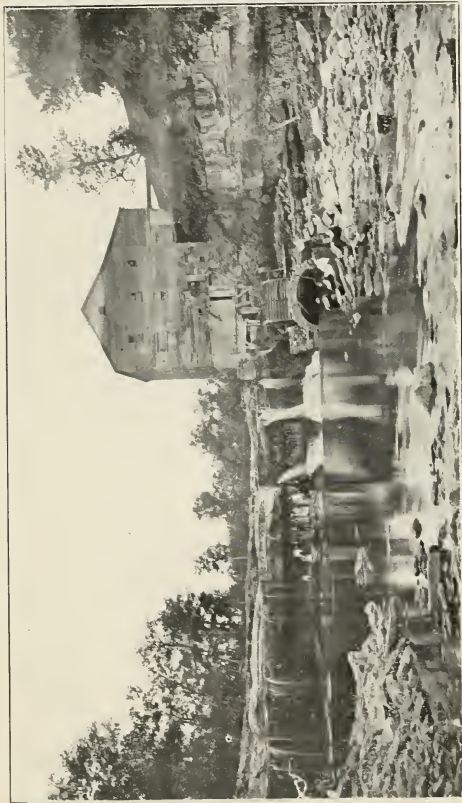
IT WAS in the year 1914. A group of earnest men and women, some with blooming cheek and sparkling eye of youth, some with furrowed brow and silvered hair, were seated around a blazing camp-fire. The flames shot upward, sending the sparks hurrying and scurrying skyward, and the shadows were thrown into the background. A number of children, with faces all aglow with pleasure at the unusual scene, gathered at the feet of the older members of the group.

The sound of a gavel arrested the attention of the merry group. A young man of medium height and manly bearing arose and said:

"Gentlemen and Ladies—yes, more than gentlemen and ladies. Shall I call you friends? Yes, more than friends, for you are my own blood, my own kith and kin. I am indeed happy to greet you. I, Leslie Scofield, do consider it an honor to stand at the head of the list of great-grandsons of this noble family, and I thank you for the honor you have bestowed upon me, in choosing me chairman on this happy occasion.

"It seems to me appropriate at the beginning of this important camp-fire talk—important not only to us who are fortunate in being present, but important because it will be carried down into the years to come—to have given to us a short history of our worthy ancestors who have worn the name of Jennings. I have chosen for this historian the oldest son of my honored grandmother and grandfather, Dr. Theodore Spencer Jennings, of Louisville, Ky. He needs no introduction."

The historian arose, and with his usual smile and a merry twinkle in his eye, began taking his nose-



Old Jennings Mill, built in 1842, at Cataract, Owen Co., Indiana
(See description on pages 63 and 64)

glasses from the lapel of his coat and adjusted them on his nose.

“Mr. Chairman,” he said, “I cannot say on this occasion as I often said in the classroom during my college days, ‘I am not prepared.’ For, since I received notice of what would be expected of me in due time, I have carefully prepared a short history of these ancestors, from the facts as they have been given to me. I am glad to give it to this assembled family.

“The first of our ancestors, as far back as we have their history, is one Humphrey Jennings, who was born in England. He was my father’s great-great-grandfather. His son William was an iron-master and he had four children: John, William, Ann and Sarah.

“This son, John Jennings, lived and died an old bachelor and was very wealthy. He died intestate, and he is the Jennings who left the Jennings English fortune, which has caused so much talk, and has been so much written about. He was my father’s great-uncle.

“His sister Ann was Lady to the Queen, and his sister Sarah is supposed to have married a Lord of West Wickersham. His brother William, knowing that he would not inherit any of his father’s estate, being the second son, came to America. He afterward married Mrs. Elizabeth Cloud, who was Lady Spencer. She had come from England to America in search of her husband, who was captain of a vessel. But she found that the vessel had never arrived, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. To this John Jennings and Lady Spencer Jennings were born a son, John, and a daughter, Dinchey, who married a Mr. Taylor. Some of her descendants, by the name of Cart-right, recently lived at Casey, Illinois.

“The son John was married to Alleda or Alla Letitia Cole of New York City, N. Y., Sunday, Nov. 6, 1791. This marriage will especially interest some of the young men and maidens of the family,

since it is said that she eloped with her 'Romeo' from a boarding school. She had probably inherited some of her daring and bravery from her mother, since a story is told of her that shows her bravery. Her home was in a secluded spot, and one day a number of soldiers came there and asked for help to find their way back to camp. Her mother said to her, 'You are a pretty good rider, do you think you can show them the way?' She said she would go and wear her white sunbonnet and they could be guided by it; she would ride ahead of them, as she would not dare to be found helping them.

"This daring 'Juliet' who eloped from the boarding school probably inherited some of her bravery from her father also, since he was captain of a New York company, in the Revolutionary War. His name was Jacob Cole and he died at the age of eighty-seven and was buried at New Albany, Indiana, in 1827.

"His wife, Dinchey Cole, was aunt of President Van Buren and died at the age of 104, and was buried near Raccoon, Park County, Indiana.

"It is said that two great-uncles of Theodore Cole Jennings were instrumental in the arrest of Benedict Arnold, but their names are not known.

"An old record made by John Jennings, Sr., in 1786, tells of his birth in this way: 'On the 7th of March, 1769, was born His Excellency Sir John Jennings.' He got his growth at sixteen years of age, and measured six feet and two inches, without his shoes.

"Upon hearing of the death of his brother John, in England, William Jennings made preparation to go there to claim his part of the estate left by his brother. He intended taking his granddaughter Dinchey with him, and an affidavit is in existence at this time to the effect that he often told her that when he got this estate, 'She should dress in silks and satins.' Just before he was ready to

start on the journey, he was taken sick, and lived but a short time.

"This completes the history up to the birth of my honored father, Theodore Cole Jennings."

The speaker took his seat and the chairman arose and said: "I am sure we have all enjoyed this part of our history greatly, and I will ask the youngest son of the family, Charles Edward Jennings of Paducah, Ky., to carry it forward."

Without preliminary remarks the new speaker addressed his hearers:

"While John Jennings, Jr., was living in Sullivan county, Tennessee, being a teacher in the Blountsville Academy, his son Theodore Cole was born, June 24, 1804. In this son much of our interest centers. He has told of a visit he made to the school in which his father taught. He told how he saw the boys drill, as was then the custom, and how they rallied around a big poplar tree. This was when he was three or four years old. Soon after he started to school, one day the boys told him to run, and in doing so he caught his foot on a root which grew across his path, and fell and sprained his ankle; from this he never fully recovered.

"In those days books were scarce, and so Theodore Cole learned his a, b, c's from a shingle on which they were printed. Instead of taking a course in school, of twelve or sixteen years' duration, his course was three months long. But in spite of this fact, he became a well educated man for his day, being especially strong in mathematics. His father, being a teacher, was much away from home, and so Theodore was put to work quite early in life, plowing when about eight years of age. His brother John was not fond of farm work and thus much of this heavy labor fell to him. He used to tell a joke that well illustrates this dislike for work on the part of his brother John: His mother sent them out to the field one day with pumpkin seed to plant. Instead of John planting his, as

soon as he reached the field he sat down and ate them!

"A little incident from his boyhood illustrates his great dislike for dirt—a dislike he always possessed. Perhaps if he were now living he would believe in germs.

"One day when Theodore and his brother John were eating mush and milk from their cups, John reached over and put his finger into his cup and said, 'You've got more than I have.' This so enraged him that he raised his cup and struck him over the eye, sending mush and milk all over him. John began to cry, and when Theodore heard his mother in the kitchen he began to run, and fell on his cup, cutting himself above the eye in the same place he had struck his brother. They both carried the scars as long as they lived.

"In this large family shoes were much in demand. The member of the family in whom we are most interested has told how one time he wanted to go skating, and since he had no shoes, he took his sister's slippers and lost one of them. He would not get his shoes until Christmas, and as we might say in these days, 'there was a reason.' He would take his leather to a neighbor tanner to have it tanned, in October. He would say to him, 'Come back Winsday and you can have your leather.' He would get up before day and go, and then the tanner would say, 'Come back Sutterday, then you can have it.' He would go again, then it would be, 'If you will come back Winsday you can have your leather.' And so this would continue until nearly Christmas. No wonder he disliked procrastination the rest of his days!

"Sometime in his younger days he lived near the Indians and would visit their homes. One time when he was there, some of them became very angry and lighted their firebrands and scattered them among those with whom they were angry.

"He would go to watch the Indians dance, and whether his sister Dinchey danced with the Indians

or not, we do not know, but he has told of what a good dancer she was, and could dance with a cup of water on her head and not spill the water.

“Soon after the birth of the youngest child, his father died, leaving his mother a widow with a large family of children. They afterward moved to the northwestern part of Kentucky and settled at Smithland. Coming down the Cumberland river in a houseboat a storm came up and they had to lighten the load. In their excitement they threw overboard the box containing the valuable papers relating to the estate of John Jennings of England, who left the large Jennings fortune.

“While living at Smithland, they were greatly troubled with malaria. Father has told how he would chill till he felt he would rather die than live. Consequently they did not remain there long. They then moved to Jefferson county, Kentucky, this becoming their permanent home.

“Our father was proud to tell of his brother William being in the war under General Jackson, and especially delighted in narrating an incident of his army life. One day General Jackson found him sitting on the river bank and asked him why he had not gone on with his company. He told the General that he had the measles and could not go into the water. The General then got down from his horse and insisted that he ride across the river while he himself waded across, although the water came up to his armpits.

“It was no wonder that my father was such an admirer of ‘Old Hickory,’ as he loved to call him. Many years afterward he named a tall hickory tree in the garden at Cataract, ‘Old Hickory,’ in his memory.

“Later in life father took up work on the river, going as he expressed it, from cabin boy to captain. He became captain on the packet line, running between Louisville and New Orleans, in 1830, and became associated later with Captain Ferguson in the steamboat business. He carried his experience

on the river with him, and in later years had berths, like those on the boat, built in his mill at Cataract, for the use of his mill hands.

"This concludes the early history of our dear father. I thank you."

When the second historian had taken his seat, there was a merry twinkle in the eye of the chairman as he arose and said: "There is now an interesting point in this Jennings family history, in which two lives became one. I will ask Julia Jennings Wiles, the woman who, whether willing or not to be called so, is my grandmother, to take the history up here, she being the oldest living daughter."

"For pity sake, Mr. Chairman, you don't need to think I'm so old that I heard the first peal of the Liberty bell, if I have passed '76. It was not on account of my birth that our forefathers rang it. But I am glad to tell you some things that I have heard of the early days of our family.

"As has already been said, the widow Jennings and her family came to Jefferson county, Ky., to live. They found here an excellent family by the name of Yager. My father's sister, Candace, became an intimate friend of the daughter, Emily. It was the same old story—my father learned to love some other boy's sister more than his own. I know very little of their courtship, but one story is told that may interest you: When my father was ready to leave he was in the habit of going into a bedroom to get his things, and of course, his sweetheart went with him. For some reason my grandmother wanted to know what happened when he bid her adieu and so secreted a little darky girl under the bed. I do not know what was the result, but I hope the little darky was like so many of her race, sound asleep, at the proper time. I well remember how this same young lady, older grown, sent my little brother with me, when I went sleigh-riding with my sweetheart, and that same little brother slept all the way.

"But I am digressing! My mother went away

from home to a boarding school, and so had great advantages for girls of that day. It was here she learned to do needlework, some of which is still in the family. When at home, though her father owned a great many slaves, and was a rich man for that time, she would spin and weave counterpanes and coverlids. Some of these, too, are still in existence.

"She was greatly beloved by her father, and some one has said it could not have been otherwise, for she was so good and beautiful. Among the first converts, in that part of Kentucky, to the doctrine taught by the Campbells, Walter Scott and Barton W. Stone, was her father. Later on our mother went into the same church, probably the one known as the 'Old Goose Creek Church,' where the family attended. It is a pleasure to know that her Christian faith was a comfort to her through all the trials and joys of her long life. All of her eight children became Christian men and women before her death.

"Strange to say, I have heard more about my father's wedding outfit than my mother's, but can imagine hers was beautiful. I have been fortunate enough to see a piece of his wedding suit, which was light blue cloth. His sister, Candace, made him six pure linen shirts, with double ruffles down the fronts and with high collars to be worn with cravats similar to George Washington's.

"They were married July 10, 1834. I do not know of any wedding tour that they might have had. They began their homemaking in a house one part of which was in Jefferson county and the other part in Oldham county, Kentucky. It was near her old home, and our dear sister, Mary, had the distinction of being born in this house, in the part that was in Jefferson county, April 20, 1835.

"My father lived a farmer's life here, but later ran a paper mill near Louisville, Kentucky. It was about this time that I, Julia Adeline, was born.

"Soon after this momentous event, we moved to

Louisville. To show you the decision of character that father had, let me tell you a little incident in his life:

“While living here, my uncle, George Griffey, had a grocery store, near our home. Father started to spend his spare time loafing at the store. But he decided it was not the thing to do, for he should spend his evenings with his family.

“The same decision of character was shown many years later, when at about seventy years of age, he decided not to use snuff. He put his snuff-box up on the mantel where he would see it often, and proved to his children that he was not too old to quit. He was surely not an ‘I can’t’ man.

“While the family were still living at Louisville another daughter, Parthenia Ione, was born. Whether it was this event that caused him to do so I cannot tell, but he did decide to go back to his old river life. This he did not follow long, and his letter to mother is still held in the family, in which he tells her he thinks it his duty to live at home with his wife and children. It was at Louisville that my brother, John William, was born. While I was a little girl there, it was customary for the bus drivers to ‘whip behind’ when a boy would get on to the back of the bus. So it was my custom to sit out in front of the house and say to the driver, ‘cut-to-hind.’

“This habit of trying to help others I have tried to carry through life. How well I have succeeded, you know.”

There was a clapping of hands as the speaker took her seat, showing how much the hearers appreciated the fact that much of her life had been spent for others.

There were tears in the eyes of the chairman as he arose to introduce the next speaker. But he brushed them aside and said: “If it be true that there are always two sides to everything, I am sure there are two sides to every family. We have been hearing more at length of the Jennings’ side. Now

Theodore Cole Jennings

Emily Ann Yager-Jennings



I will ask my aunt Parthenia to tell us something of the Yagers."

The speaker began: "I am sure that you who have known my dear mother cannot fail to be interested in her family. Especially will this be true, when I tell you that we can trace our ancestors, on this side of our family, back to, and even beyond, Adam.

"We are indebted for this part of the history to my cousin Lizzie Bishop, the daughter of Uncle Joel Yager. She has furnished this record back to the sixth generation.

"The oldest ancestor, as we have it, was one Nicholas Yager, who emigrated from Germany to America in 1713. He was a native of Wickersbach in Hesse. He settled in Virginia and took out his naturalization papers on July 10, 1722. He was the father of Adam Yager who was born in Germany. Do you now see that this history goes back beyond Adam, as I said?

"This Adam had several children, but one son, John, was of especial interest, because he was blind. In the next generation there appear names that are familiar in my grandfather's family: John, Elisha and Joel.

"This Elisha was our great-grandfather, and was born in Louisa Courthouse, Virginia, and first married Mary Gibbs and afterward Elizabeth Berry. Our grandfather was Joel Yager, born in Jefferson county, Kentucky, 1786, and he married Mary (Polly) Yewell, born March 27, 1797, in Nelson county, Kentucky, in 1812. This grandmother of ours did not set a very good example, I fear, for our girls of today, as she became a bride at the age of fifteen. Lest any should follow her example, I would have you know that she was the mother of fourteen or fifteen children. Grandfather died March 1, 1844, leaving her a widow with several children, the youngest, Charles Edward, being about ten months old. Grandmother lived to be over eighty-three years old, dying after our dear mother.

She died June, 1880; mother February 14, 1880. My grandmother's father was James Yewell, born August 20, 1775, in Culpepper county, Virginia. Her mother was Nancy Shirley, who was born in the same county March 27, 1775.

"This, I think, will be sufficient contribution from me, on this branch of our ancestors, with one exception. There was one Harriet Blackwell, my grandfather's sister. I was nicknamed for her. Whether it was because I was a 'tow head' or because I looked like her in some other way, I cannot tell you. Since she had very light hair she may have had the same consolation that I have, that light hair does not turn grey as soon as dark. One other nickname I wore. It was not a beautiful one, but because I cried so much I was called 'the Eel River screamer.' "

This was an honorable record, and no one in this family group felt a tinge of shame, listening to the history of his ancestors from England and Germany and of old Virginia and Kentucky blood.

They were all ready to listen, when the chairman arose and said: "I am sure we have reached a point in this history in which many will be especially interested because they were living factors. If there is any one in this family who knows more of its history than any other, it is the woman I have been taught to call 'Aunt Myra.' I will ask her to tell us something of the early history of Cataract."

There was a clapping of hands and the faces of the eager group brightened with personal interest as the speaker arose and said:

"Well, I am glad to have this part assigned to me, but there is so much to be told; where shall I begin?"

"It must have been in the summer or fall of 1841 that my father brought his mother to visit his brother John, living at Greencastle, Indiana. They were both on horseback and as they neared the place where Cataract now stands, they heard a roar-

ing sound near them. Father left grandmother with the horses, while he went to find the source of the sound. He found it was Eel River Falls; and as many men, before and since, have seen opportunities open up before them, so he saw the possibility of using this great water power, now going to waste, for the running of a mill. He seems to have decided at once to look into the matter of getting the land, if possible. Upon investigation he found an old mill about to fall into decay, one mill wheel of which can still be seen at the lower falls. This old mill was owned by one Mr. Acres.

“My father bought here one thousand acres of land. He showed his far-sightedness in buying one foot of land below the lower falls, to prevent any one else putting up a mill at that place, while he had one at the upper falls.

“He then returned to Louisville, but started back in a short time with two or three wagon loads of household goods. He started between the first and the middle of February, the weather being so warm the day he loaded the goods into the wagons that he worked all day in his shirt sleeves. By the time they reached Spencer, or near there, it began snowing, and before they were within five miles of Cataract the snow was so drifted and deep that they could not go on; so they stopped at the home of a Mr. Willoughby, and stayed until they could continue the journey. At this place father unloaded one wagon and sent it back to Louisville for his family. It was Felix Hardin, who afterward worked for father a long time, who brought them. He afterward lived in Greencastle. Father had brought men with him, one of them being a Mr. Hubbard, who was married many years later to his second wife by our brother, T. J. Clark, who also preached his funeral. Father and the men lived in the wagons until a log house was built. We can hardly realize what it meant to our dear mother, coming from a city the size of Louisville, to locate

in what was then 'a howling wilderness,' bringing with her four children. Mary, Parthenia, Julia and John William; there was no school or church or near neighbors. It must have been a great trial to her father, for he exacted a promise from father that he would bring her back to him once every year, though it took three days to make the trip. This promise was faithfully kept as long as her father lived. The difficulty in making this annual visit is seen, when we realize that there was no railroad at that time. Father had even cut a wagon road, when he moved, through the woods, leaving the old road about a mile above Cataract in order to have a nearer and more level road. After he had his own cabin built he put up others for his men; he called Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, Cataract's birthday, because that was the day he began to build his first log cabin, in 1842.

"Not long after this, Mr. Alfred Bullitt, an acquaintance of father, came out from Louisville to see about some land in which he had an interest, bringing with him an editor of a Louisville paper and other men who wanted to hunt. They stopped with a family living in one of the log cabins, which they named the 'Galt House' after the famous Galt House of Louisville.

"One day when these men were out hunting there came up a hard rain, and they came in with their clothes soaking wet. Mr. Bullitt pulled off his fine 'westcut' and put it on a chair by the big fire to dry. In some way it caught on fire. A half-witted girl who lived in the family had the habit of talking too much, and so had been told to think three times before she spoke. She saw the vest was afire and said: 'I think—I think—I think, Mr. Bullitt, your westcut is on fire.' But, alas, the vest was burned while she was thinking! I wonder if this was the origin of the adage, 'Think three times before you speak?'

"Wild deer were found in this region and this fact made it a good place for hunting. Between the

upper and lower falls a place was called 'Deer Lick' because there was much salt there and the deer came to lick it.

"In spite of the fact that mother's friends had pictured such an unhappy existence for her in this frontier life, saying the children would get lost in the woods and they would have to be belled like the cows to prevent this dire catastrophe, she said it was the happiest time of her life. Although she had left behind father, mother, sisters, brothers, church, schools, city, slaves and many other things, she knew God was there and love was there. She soon found a Christian church at Cloverdale, six miles away, and securing her church letter from the 'Old Goose Creek Church' in Kentucky, she put in her membership here, where it remained until she moved to her new home near Spencer.

"There is usually at least one thing that prevents perfect happiness in this life, and so there was one here. There were many trees near the house and mother was very much afraid of storms. One time during a storm father got up in the night and cut down a tree for fear it would fall on the house. How many of his descendents would do likewise?

"After father was settled he erected one mill and later, as occasion demanded, two others. He owned at one time the flour mill, saw-mill and woolen mill, a store of general merchandise, cooper-shop and blacksmith shop. He also farmed, acted as squire and ran the post office for Uncle Sam.

"Of course he had many assistants, among them being Cousin Mosey Tyler, who became more than cousin, for an attachment that afterward ripened into marriage was formed between him and a sister of mother; and when he was married to Aunt Ellen Yager he became our uncle. He decided to go back to Kentucky, so one day he started in a covered wagon, with a few household goods, taking with him Aunt Ellen, Aunt Tyler, Julia and Parthenia. Felix Hardin drove for them. When

foring White river, a little below Spencer, they got into quicksand and the wagon went down to the hubs of the wheels. Aunt Ellen began to pray and the girls were scared. Some men came and helped them out. It took them three days to reach Utica. At night they stayed at houses on the way and one morning the girls opened the closet door in their room, and there lay a boy fast asleep. After reaching Utica they stopped with Cousin William Tyler. The next morning they found that the stork had come that night and Aunt Tyler was happy that she got there in time to be of service. She had the reputation of being a very great woman to assist at weddings and funerals, and to care for the sick and the dead. She was with us a great deal at Cataract and would sometimes stay with us while mother went to Louisville.

“Along with the joys and successes of their new life, there came to father and mother what was perhaps their first great sorrow. Their precious little baby boy died of croup when about one and a half years of age. Mother has told how heart-broken father was the day after the baby was buried; it seemed that all the joy of his life had gone out. This was the first little grave for them that made the little graveyard on the hill such a sacred place to us. As we grew up as children, and to us even now there attaches to this place a sad, sweet memory. Soon after this sorrow another little boy, Elisha Thomas, came to gladden their cabin home, October, 1844.

“The time came when the question arose as to a name for the town which had grown up. A number of people had moved there, and they wanted it named for father; but he objected, since the township already bore the name of Jennings in his honor. So, because of the Eel River Falls there, the name of Cataract was chosen.

“Though there were but a few children in the

community, a school was needed, and so Aunt Matilda Yager came and taught the first school, the sessions being held in the 'Galt House,' which was then vacant. She had at least ten pupils.

"It was perhaps in 1846 that the house we knew as the old home, and which we left behind when we moved to our home near Spencer, was built. It was a modern house of greater capacity and greater beauty. It was a story and a half house, with a hall in the center and a large room, with a fireplace in each, on either side of the hall. Above these two rooms there were two good sized sleeping rooms with a small hall between. Back of the living room was another bedroom and back of the parlor was still another, called 'the blue room,' and sometimes 'the bridal chamber.' Then came the spacious dining room with its ample fireplace and crane. Directly back of this was the important room we call kitchen. In front of these last three rooms ran a long wide porch. The stairway was on this porch and under it was a closet that was the sweetest place about the house, for in it were kept the sugar barrels.

"The house narrowly escaped being burned in a singular manner. There lived with Dr. Wiles a boy, Wes O'Daniels. Dr. Wiles wanted him to study at night, and this he began to do. He lay down on the bed to study one night, with the candle burning at the foot of the bed. Alas! he went to sleep and kicked it over, setting fire to the bed clothes. Waking, he piled the bed clothes on the floor and carried water from the well in a half gallon dipper to extinguish them. This he did after a hole was burned in the floor.

"It was in this house that I, their Myra Ann, their first little Hoosier girl was born one snowy Sunday afternoon, Feb. 28, 1847. Who at that time would have thought that I would become one of the historians of the family!

"When I was still a little girl we moved to Green-

castle, on account of the better educational facilities there for the older girls. While we lived there they attended the Larabee Seminary, situated at Rosy Bower. On June 7, 1850, another little boy, Theodore Spencer, was born. While there, my mother's brother, Joel Yager, came from Jefferson county, Kentucky, and attended Asbury College, now called De Pauw.

"Father had left his business affairs at Cataract in the hands of others. But as all was not satisfactory we stayed at Greencastle only about two years, returning at the end of that period to Cataract. Here father's business was carried on for years, people bringing their grain from five to twenty miles; sometimes they stayed over night in order to get their flour or meal. My husband told me long afterward that as a little boy he had come eighteen miles to mill with his father.

"A number of excellent people came into the neighborhood from Ohio, Kentucky, and other states, and lasting friendships were formed between these families and ours. Among these newcomers were the Simpsons, Spanglers, Gwins, Blacks and others.

"The first wedding of the family was that of Sister Mary and Jefferson Williams, the latter coming from near Louisville. The wedding occurred on May 13, 1851. The ceremony was pronounced by one Elder Blankenship. In a few days the bridal couple started overland in a buggy to Louisville on their bridal tour.

"After a short stay they came back to Cataract and lived awhile; but Brother Jeff found that white men could not be managed as the black ones in Kentucky. So he returned to his old state disgusted with 'the pore white trash,' as the darkies of the South called them.

"A great event happened about this time, for Emma Rose was born, on December 18, 1852, Saturday. 'Saturday's child works hard for its living,'

the old saying goes. While a little baby some one said she would write a book. That saying is being fulfilled so many years after in the writing of this history of the Jennings-Yager family. Some one else discovered a blue streak across her nose and said she would never wear out her wedding clothes. She still has her wedding dress, though it is now over forty years old.

“But all life is not sunshine, and again a shadow fell across the lives of this happy household, when the death angel took our little brother, about ten years of age, Elisha Thomas. Another little grave was made over on the hill. And so it was a mingling of joys and sorrows—of births and deaths and weddings—this early life at Cataract.

“As if to fill up the emptiness in this home and its hearts, another baby girl had come on June 19, 1855. She received the name of Alla Candace, and though she was never a very strong child, she lived to be over fifty years of age. She was, in appearance, very much like Cousin Eliza Kidd Bence.

“On March 10, 1856, occurred the second wedding, when Parthenia was married to Dr. W. V. Wiles, a young physician from Rush county, Indiana.

“Sometime during the same year we had the third wedding; and a peculiar air was given it, since the bridal couple, Uncle Joel Yager and Rebecca Glore, had eloped, coming from Jefferson county, Kentucky. The bridal party arrived unexpectedly, but the cakes were baked and the dog-irons were scoured and the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Milligan, was secured. After the wedding supper was served the party went over to Dr. Wiles’ home and ‘danced all night till broad daylight.’

“On Feb. 18, 1858, our baby boy of the family was born, and although he was the tenth child, he was one of mother’s and father’s greatest comforts and blessings in after life. When a boy of

several years of age some one called him the baby, and he said he was THE baby, but not A baby.

“A younger brother of Dr. Wiles came to Cataract to visit him. An attachment grew up between him and my sister Julia and this attachment resulted in marriage. The fourth wedding occurred Dec. 28, 1858.

“I think this completes the part assigned to me, and I thank you.”

The chairman arose and thanked the last historian, and said: “I see that our camp-fire is burning low and the sandman is coming to some of the great-great-grandchildren. So we will stand adjourned until tomorrow evening at ‘early candle lighting,’ as our good forefathers used to say. Good night and pleasant dreams to the descendants of so noble ancestors.”

SECOND EVENING.

A GAIN the logs were brought from the woods and heaped upon the camp-fire, and again the flames leaped and danced as if they remembered the good time of yesternight. Again the younger and the older folk, with faces all aglow with anticipation of the good things to come, were seated together in the ruddy light.

Suddenly the sound of the gavel was heard and a man with hair tinged with silver spoke:

"To me is assigned the chairmanship of this meeting, and I need not tell you of my appreciation of this honor. I, Lewis L. Williams, have the distinction of being the oldest grandchild of my honored grandparents and as such I am glad to serve you. There is no formal program for the evening, but each one here is requested to tell us something either from experience or hearsay, connected with Cataract or our ancestors."

A young man with light hair, and tall and jolly, spoke. The speaker was Lawrence Sloan of New York City. He said: "I think this up-to-date family will be interested in the first railroad. My grandmother has told me of it. My great-grandfather Jennings had promised his father-in-law that he would come to see him, when they got the first railroad.

"So, one day he found that they had one from Indianapolis to Madison. He loaded his family, including my grandmother, into his carriage and started. After they reached Greencastle they took a stage coach to Indianapolis. There they took the train to Madison. Here they took a steamboat and went to Louisville. From this point they probably rode in a carriage. The newspaper men would be glad to write up such a successful railroad trip."

"Fiddlesticks! I'm not going to wait any longer for my say," exclaimed Emma Rose Clark. "Are

you not surprised that I, a suffragist and one who loves to talk so well, has held my tongue so long? But so interesting has been this history of our forefathers and foremothers, that I have not needed to talk. In this year of the Mexican war, you may be interested in my memories of our Civil War.

“One afternoon when I was about eight years old, I heard the sound of a fife and drum. My little sister Candace and I were soon perched on the front gate posts, stretching our necks and straining our eyes to see what it meant. We could see men marching around in a circle, on the main street of the town, to the sound of fife and drum. You may imagine the awfulness of it, to my childish mind. This must have seemed like real war to me. It might have meant more to me if I had known then that a brave lad, scarcely eighteen, would go into that war, and I should afterward be his wife. As the war went on, I remember how I would lie awake on a cold winter night and repeat to myself the old song, a part of which ran thus:

“Under the homestead roof,
Sheltered so cozy and warm,
While soldiers sleep with little or naught
To shelter them from the storm.”

“One soldier boy who left us never came back. His name was Gran Halton. How awful the news of his death seemed to me. Another one, Oliver Leonard, who is still living near here, came back with one leg off above the knee. My brother Dora was very anxious to go as a drummer boy. Now don't you imagine he would have thrilled the boys in blue, with his wonderful music! If he could have driven them on to victory with his cheers, he would have been able to do the work; but Uncle Billy Sadler did not seem to think him very musical and said, ‘Yes, I think it is Do-ra.’

“I went to school a good many years afterward, but one day when I was a little girl at Cataract I rebelled. I remember how mother walked behind

me on my way to school, and how when she turned back I did too. But she carried a switch under her apron, and by continuing our walk I was in sight of the schoolhouse and ashamed to turn back. I finally went on and she went home.

“And oh, that fine old teacher, Mr. Townsend, was a treasure! One day while playing on the hillside, I fell down and hurt my knuckle and he soothed me and spit on a piece of paper, and stuck it on the hurt place. We didn’t know anything about germs in those days. I was one of his favorites and one day in the spelling class, for some unexplainable reason, I was at the foot of the class. Those above me had missed the word ‘quail,’ and he said, ‘Now, Emmy, you can spell that and go head.’ So I sang out, ‘quay-i-l, quail,’ and started toward head, but alas! I had to go back.

“And how well I remember my first grammar and geography! How important I felt, and how big the geography seemed! When a very little girl, I rejoiced greatly over my red topped boots. My little sister and I were proud of ours, but Myra was ashamed of hers. Father used to bring them from Spencer in his saddle-bags.

“I have a slight remembrance of Dora getting the ‘lickins’ at school and I’d do the weeping.

“And there were the good old games at school. The ‘flying Jinny’ was one of the best. We’d take a board or one of the school seats; if the latter, we would turn it upside down, the legs furnishing us something to hold to; then we put this on top of a stump, fastening it in the middle with a peg. On each end from one to six of us would climb and we’d go flying around, as a big, strong boy would push it. It was something on the order of a ‘merry-go-round.’ It wasn’t so funny though if we all fell off, or got our fingers between the board and the stump.

“Another game was,

“Chicky, me chicky, me crainy crow,
Went to the well to wash her toe;
Wherr she came back a chicken was gone;
What time is it, old witch?”

“Then there was another game we loved:

“‘Ring around a rosy,
Pocket full o’ posy;
The one that squats last
Has to tell who they love the best.’ (Dread-
ful secret!)

“A favorite one was played with the song,

“‘Here come three dukes a’roving, a’roving, a’roving,
Here come three dukes a’roving for the ransy tansy tee.’

“When I was a proud little girl I had my ears pierced, as was the custom, and they were so sore that one was lanced twice. One day I went to school with it tied up and while out on the playground a boy threw a snowball and hit my sore ear plunk. I still carry the scar.

“I so well remember the first funeral I ever attended. One of our much loved young ladies died, by name, Jane Haltom. ’Twas an awful thing to me. We went to the house and then some men took the coffin and carried it to the graveyard, and we marched along behind while some sang the old song,

“‘We’re going home, we’re going home,
We’re going home to die no more.’

“Today her grave can be seen in the little cemetery, with the tombstone bearing this inscription:

“‘Remember, friends, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, you soon shall be,
Prepare for death and follow me.’

“Well, I think I have talked enough for this time. Who comes next?”

“Why, I do,” said Charles Jennings, Jr. “I wish I’d been a little boy in that school and seen

those teachers lick my Uncle Dora! I'd just got the night-riders after all the teachers and they'd have killed 'em all off and then, goodie, nobody would have had to go to school."

"Thank you, Charles, for defending me," said Uncle Dora. "One day one of those teachers told me to keep my feet still. I'd try, but in a little while I was swinging them again, so he took something and tied them together.

"Maybe some of the little folks would like to hear about my cat. One day I decided I would hitch it up to a wagon I had made. I got some rags and made some harness and hitched it up. The track was cleared on the dining room floor and the other children climbed up on the chairs. I began to drive the cat around and the wagon turned over and scared the cat. Away it flew up the chimney, harness, wagon and all. It did not appear again for two or three days.

"Probably Daniel Wiles and some of the other boys would like to hear of my 'snipe hunting.' One night Cousin Liza, Myra and some other girls told Joe Coleman, John Griffey and me to go up the river with them sniping. After we got to the place, they left us boys with the sacks to hold while they went farther up the river to drive the snipe down. They went across to another road and went home, but when they arrived they found us boys already there.

"Now, who do you think were the snipes?

"I want to tell Mary B. and Ruth and these other young ladies about Julia Wiles' wedding. I ought to know about it for I was sure there. For several days everybody was so busy, and one day Cousin Liza brought out the dog-irons on the porch and told Myra and me that she wanted us to scour them until we could see the moon in them.

"And oh, yum, yum! The hams that were boiled and the turkeys that were killed and the cakes that were baked and trimmed up with frosting and

candy! I'll not try to tell you of all that was on that long table in the dining room.

"Finally evening came and Mr. Milligan, the preacher, arrived; at the proper time he took his place in front of the fireplace while the people stood around the parlor. Joe Coleman and I were sitting on the floor, he under the stand table and I near him. Meade Spear, the bridegroom, and Cousin Eliza Kidd came in first, and just as she got near me, she gave her skirts a swish, and as she wore immense hoops she completely covered me. By the time I extricated myself—well, I don't know what had happened, but I saw that Tillie Gwin and Dr. Hester, the other attendants, and the bride and groom were in the room. After the ceremony we all marched out to the wedding supper. I don't remember how I slept after it. As soon as the supper was over Tillie Gwin hurried away and some one asked her afterward why she left so early. She said she had looked at the parlor clock and it was so late. The joke was on her for the old clock was not running."

"Speaking of Cousin Eliza's hoop skirts," said Parthenia, "One time this young lady came out to Cataract with Sister Mary, Brother Jeff, Lewis, Steve Shrader and Joe Williams, in order that the men might take a hunt. After their arrival, Cousin Liza sat down and talked awhile, but Cousin Emma, who was there at that time, said, 'Sister, what is the matter, you seem so large?' Cousin Liza said, 'Come into the bedroom and I will show you.' We went in with her and she began to take things from her hoop skirt. First she took a wool hood that she had brought for Emma to wear to school. After this came a big wool sunbonnet with a long tail and then several other articles, I have forgotten what. Her immense trunk was so full that she had put these things in her hoops for lack of trunk room. Sister Mary said she could hardly get into the car seat. Who but our beloved, or-

iginal Cousin Eliza would have ever thought of such a thing?"

"Yes, I remember a hoop skirt episode in which you, Parthenia, figured," said Tom Wiles. "One day you, Julia and I were out horseback riding and your saddle turned and your hoops caught on the horn of your saddle and there you hung, in mid-air, until I extricated you."

"As to hoop skirt stories," said Emma, "I remember when I was a little girl, I went to visit at Greencastle and in the evening Candace and I were jumping up and down on the bed, and I began to cry. They tried and tried to get me to tell what was the matter. I finally told them I had broken one of my hoops I had run in my petticoat."

"I wish I could have seen my grandma riding horseback," said Daniel Wiles. "I bet she made her horse get ahead of all the rest. And say, I wish I could have seen my great-grandfather's pet deer, for I have heard that one day it went into the mill where he was, and looked right up into his face. Then it went straight to the mill door that opened onto the river and jumped right into it and went plunging over the falls. I wonder if it wanted him to see it do this, or did it intend to commit suicide. However, it was not killed, but swam out below the falls and maybe it lived happy ever after! But it had a rather remarkable death. One day a man brought some venison to my great-grandfather and represented that it was wild deer. But when it was found to be this pet deer, the man lost the friendship of its master."

"Dan, I think that would have been a good place for me to board you," quietly remarked his father, Ernest Wiles. "For tradition tells us that eggs sold for three or four cents per dozen, and butter for eight and ten cents per pound and that my grandfather killed fourteen hogs at a time. I think one of the funniest stories I have ever heard of my grandfather was the one about the school

teacher. Being a school teacher myself maybe I have a fellow feeling for the teacher—but I'll stand by grandfather. The teacher was no account and they tried to get him to give up his job, but he said he had been hired for so long a time and he was going to set his time out.

“Grandfather got his chair and in some way put some rotten eggs under the cushion. The teacher was taken before the squire, but he still insisted that he was going to set his time out. Grandfather sent for his chair and told the squire to take off the cushion. He did so and there were the eggs. Then grandfather said, ‘Why, yes, he has set his time out but the eggs are rotten.’ Ha! ha! ha! I'm glad I am a grandson, but I hope wisdom has not died with him.”

“While I think of it,” said Ethel Wiles Fisher, “did you ever hear how Buckskin got its name? People were trying to raise money to build a church and they went to one man, who said he would give a buckskin. So they thought it such a good joke and named the church the Buckskin church.”

“I must tell you about some of the people that figured very largely in my Cataract life,” said Myra. “First, there was our sweet little Grandmother Jennings. She had been left a young widow to care for her large family, and she had done her work bravely and well. Now she was resting from these labors, and in the winter she lived with Uncle John, but in the beautiful summer she was our guest. It is strange how some one else has written so well a description of my grandmother. Listen while I read it:

“ ‘Grandmother was a quiet little body, with big blue eyes, and wore a white ruffled cap that tied under her chin with a soft bow. Her diminutive figure, the ruffled cap and the blue eyes gave her a babyish look, and it was hard to believe that in her young days she had helped to make history.’ Isn't that a beautiful description? I wish I could

show you her dainty snuff box and tell you the stories and riddles she used to tell us, these stories sometimes being of the Revolutionary War; and make you feel how soft and fine was her silver white hair. Ah, who can fittingly describe our sweet little grandmother Jennings? She died Feb. 9, 1863, at Greencastle, at the age of 88. Our other grandmother (Yager) never made her home with us, and I can remember but one visit she ever made us. Riding on the cars made her so sick that she never would try it again. So we had to do the visiting.

"There was another who made her home with us for some time, my darling cousin, Emma Kidd (Duvall). She came to make a short visit, but decided to stay and attend school, so she was there eight months. We became almost inseparable, and her life mingling with mine at this trying time of a girl's life meant more to me than I can tell you.

"I was fifteen and she was sixteen. She came from a large city, with city influences; I lived in a very small town, but surrounded with a quiet and beauty that contrasted strongly with her city life. We had the privilege of only a three months' school, while she had the advantages of a city school.

"Some one expected so much of her that she asked a friend of mine what her studies were. She told her the books usually taught in such a school, the same that I studied. She was surprised and said, 'Oh, I thought she would have been studying Reciprocity, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody.'

"Cousin Emma was full of fun. One day she dressed up in grandmother's clothes, spectacles and cap. She took a big turkey wing for a fan and carried her cane. I walked with her and carried the umbrella over her, while she leaned on my arm. We first went to Mr. Will Bullitt's, across the street, and when he saw us coming he called in his

wife, telling her there came Grandmother Jennings. She was much surprised to have a visit from her.

"We then went to the mill; one of the workmen saw us coming and told father that there came his mother. I had her on the scales weighing her when father came downstairs. He looked and looked at her and thought it was his mother until Cousin Emma turned around and called him 'Son.' Father suddenly departed. We had started home and as we were crossing the road I looked up and saw two men coming and told her there came some young men in whom we were very much interested. She ran to get out of sight and fell over into a ditch, forgetting she was grandmother.

"When we reached home grandmother had gotten up from her afternoon nap. I announced that here was somebody that had come to see her, and told her to see if she knew her. She was blind and so put out her hand and felt of her clothes, recognizing especially her own silk apron. She said: 'Tut, tut, tut, Emma! Go take off my clothes.' "

"Yes," said Dora, "I remember one time you two tried to get away from us children and while some one was there you struck out for the bridge. But just as you were going out of one end of it you looked around and saw us coming at the other. I was fleetier of foot than I am now."

"I, too, remember another episode connected with Cousin Emma's visit, young man, in which you were a prime mover," remarked Myra to Dora. "A Mr. McKinney was teaching a summer school at Cataract. He enlisted to go into the army when he had only two days more of school. He asked Cousin Emma if she would finish it. She said she would be glad to do so. All went well up to noon of the last day. She and I went over to talk with Mrs. McKinney, during the noon recess. When we came back the girls were all there but not a boy was in sight. Cousin Emma told the girls to take their seats, after she rang and rang the bell,

but no boys came. After everything was quiet, there was a sudden racket over our heads. We knew it was the boys in the loft. After a vain attempt to get them down, they finally told her if she would dismiss school they would come. This she readily agreed to do, and so our school suddenly closed. This was my last day of school at Cataract, where I had spent so many happy school days, for the next fall I went to the eastern part of the state and attended the Fairview Academy."

"Oh, Aunt Myra," spoke up Robert Pearcey, "you tell us about the 'Child's Leap' because you know it so well. Please do."

"Well, if I am not talking too much, Robert. Anyhow, here it is. One Sunday afternoon in April Tommy, Dora and I were playing in the yard, but we grew tired of that and wanted to go to the woods for flowers. We got mother's consent, providing we would not go near the bluff. We became so excited gathering our flowers that we did not realize we were breaking our promise. We were admiring the falls and finally we were on the edge of the bluff and Tommy was trying to get a bunch of beautiful red flowers for me. In so doing his foothold must have given way and he slipped down about thirty feet. I leaned over and he asked me how he could ever get up. I told him I thought if he would go farther down, where there was a low place, I could help him. Just as I started to get up whatever I was holding to gave way and I went tumbling down to the edge of the river fifty feet below. My older sisters were out walking with some strange young ladies, when one of them saw Dora about to go over and said, 'Oh, where are those children going over that hill?' My sisters saw our danger and called Dora back. Parthenia sent Julia back to the house and she went in and told father and mother that 'the children have all fallen over the bluffs and are killed.' Father and Nancy Cooksey, who was living with us, ran

for us, and mother pulled out the trundle bed. Then she thought we might not be dead, so sent a neighbor, familiarly known as Uncle Tommy Maze, for Dr. Wiles. Just as he came in the front door they came in the back door with us. Tommy was not much hurt and was soon up playing with the doctor. I was seriously hurt and was unconscious until we reached the house. For weeks I did not want any one to point his finger at me, because I was so sore. This event is recorded in the Geological Survey of Indiana and the report states, 'this place where the children fell was ever after known as the Child's Leap.' "

"Aunt Myra, was that the April my great-grandfather said he crossed the river on the ice the twelfth day of the month?" asked William Jennings Peden.

"Not if there were flowers in bloom," answered Myra.

"Well," said Sarah Glidewell, "I'm glad it didn't kill you, if some one did ask you if it did."

"And I'm glad my Grandpa Dora didn't fall and kill himself, or I wouldn't have had any Grandpa Dora," said little Robert Glidewell.

"I think I can sympathize with mother and father on account of the poor help they had when they were bearing such heavy burdens," remarked Julia Wiles. "There was one man that father sent out to fork up his asparagus bed. Mother went out to see how he was getting on with the work and she found he had forked up the roots and thrown them over the fence. That same bright fellow father put to gathering some fine peaches. He went up into the tree and gathered the peaches in a basket and then threw down basket, peaches and all. One day mother asked a woman who was working for her why she didn't hurry and finish her work. She said, 'What's the use to hurry? When I get this done I'll have something else to do!' One day father rode all day to get a girl over at

Jordan. The next day she wanted to go home, for she said she had just wanted to come to see our long porch of which she had heard. So he had to send her back home."

"I think it is my time to speak," remarked Martha Sloan. "I want to say I am proud of my grandmother's and grandfather's literary taste. When they first came to Cataract they had but few books, among them 'Romance of the Forest,' 'Charlotte Temple,' 'Wandering Jew,' and 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' This last named book furnished the middle name, Ione, of my mother.

"I have heard how my grandmother would read aloud to grandfather, many times into the night, holding the candle or lamp in one hand and one of Charles Dickens' works or some other book or paper she had procured in the other."

"I think," said Mary B. Jennings, "that my grandfather showed his literary liking when he would see some one who had too good an opinion of himself, and would quote this from 'Bobby' Burns' poem, 'To a Louse.'

(On a Woman's Bonnet.)

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotien.'"

"Now," said the chairman, "I'll ask a number of you to respond, as I call your names, with an old saying or story from our ancestors. I'll begin with Ruth Peden."

"What's the use to worry, as the man said when he had but one shirt and his wife washed it while he went to bed. She came in one day and told him the calf had eaten up his shirt, and he said, 'Oh well, what's the use to worry? Those that have must lose.'"

"Eliza Pickens."

“ ‘Poor people have poor ways,’ I can imagine I hear my grandmother say as she hung her fine silk dresses on the walls of her little cabin home.”

“Aunt Julia, won’t you tell us something that you remember of the Cataract home?”

“Well, in the background just behind the ice-house there was a beautiful wooded hillside, near the bottom of which was our chinquapin tree, and the little pond where we fished with pin hooks in summer and skated in winter. West of this were our apple and peach orchards, and as if standing guard over them, three immense oaks. Between these and the house were many hives of bees and our chicken yard, with the trumpet creeper running over the house. Here we raised chickens, guineas, turkeys and pea-fowls.

“In the front of the house was a long brick walk, leading to the front gate; along the sides of this were a shrub bearing red berries, a wax plant or wolfberry, as it is now called, and a large lilac bush. On the west side of the portico was a coral honeysuckle and maiden blush rose. Around the window of the north bedroom was trained a beautiful wild rose. On the north side of the walk leading to the garden was a border of privet, smoke tree, snowball and syringa. Along the fence dividing the yard from the garden were quince, pear and cherry trees. There was a walk running through the center of the garden and along each side were the flowers: old fashioned pinks, larkspur, marigolds, sweet-williams, touch-me-nots, ‘pineys’ (peonies), pretty-by-nights, poppies, flags (iris), tiger lilies, French pinks and snowdrops. At the end were rue, thyme, sage, chives and live-forever, while on the right side of these beds was a large strawberry bed and on the left were our vegetables.”

“Uncle Dora, now you must tell us a story,” said the chairman.

"Well, I know some that have not yet been told. One day I was going to school with two of my sisters and they tried to get me to wear a cape that mother had told me to wear. But every time they put it on, I threw it off. Then our teacher came along, wearing a plug hat, and tried to get me to wear it, but even he couldn't persuade me to wear a cape, even if he did wear a plug hat.

"One time father had a lot of silver and gold money to take from Louisville to Cataract and the question was, how could he get it there safely. He had been robbed once before. He finally put the money into the bottom part of his saddle-bags and covered it over with steel picks that he used in picking the mill stones. Then he carelessly threw the saddle-bags down on the floor where he stayed all night. He knew that if any one should pick them up and look in they would think of nothing beyond the picks. Pretty wise man!

"Then another time he was bringing a load of things from Louisville and among other things was a box. At night the driver would sleep on this box. After they reached Cataract he found the box contained a skeleton for a young physician. He was very angry and said he would never bring another load of goods for Mr. Jennings, and said some things that were not in the Sunday-school lesson."

"Francis Peden."

"A young man and his father were out in the garden pulling up cabbage heads. The son asked his father, 'Dad, what does ditto mean?' 'Well, now, I'll show you,' said his father. He laid down a cabbage head saying, 'Now, that is a cabbage head.' Then he laid down another and said, 'That is ditto.' 'Well,' said the young man, 'I'll go over there and teach that girl to call me a cabbage head! I told her last night that I loved her, and she said "ditto." ' ' ' "

"Francis Gerhart."

"Forgetful heads make tired heels," and "Your

early rising will not hurt you if your long fasting doesn't."

"Now," said the chairman, "I am going to ask Aunt Myra and Aunt Emma to give us the old Cataract song, 'Vilikins and his Diner.'"

With this request the two sisters at once complied:

"As Vilikins was walkin' in the garden one day,
He spied his dear Diner, and thus he did say:
'Go dress yourself, Diner, go dress yourself gay,
For some one is coming to see you today.'

"Sing a-tu-ra-la, lu-ra-la, lu-ra-la-lay,
Sing a-tu-ra-la, lu-ra-la, lu-ra-la-lay,
Sing a-tu-ra-la, lu-ra-la, lu-ra-la-lay.
Sing a-tu-ra-la, lu-ra-la, lu-ra-la lay.

"Oh father, dear father, I've made up my mind,
To marry just now, I don't feel inclined;
To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er
If you'll let me live single a year or two more.'

Chorus:

"As Vilikins was walking his garden all round
He spied his dear Diner lying dead on the ground.
A cup of cold poison lay down by her side,
And a billet-doux stating by poison she died."

Chorus:

There was such an urgent encore that at Dora's request the singers gave one of his favorite Cataract love songs—although he thought they both sounded rather suicidal!

Here was the love song next rendered for the delighted company:

"Oh where have you been, Jimmy Ramble, my son?
Oh where have you been, my sweet little one?
'I've been out acourting, mother, make my bed soon,
I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down.'

"What did you have for your supper, Jimmy Ramble,
my son,
Oh what did you have for your supper, my sweet
little one?"

'A cup of cold poison, mother, make my bed soon,
I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down.'

After many evidences of appreciation by the group the singers retired with bows and blushes!

"Let me tell you," said Thomas Curtis Clark, "that I am to inherit something that came from the enchanted Cataract. When I was a little boy, visiting at Greencastle, I cried for Aunt Myra's clock, and she said if I would stop crying she would give it to me when she was through with it. Grandfather had bought it from a woman who made a great noise when she talked. When the clock would strike it made such a racket he named it 'Old Rache' after her. I also got my middle name from Aunt Myra."

"And I got my last one from Tom," said Hazel Davis Clark.

"I would like to see the old candlesticks, candle-molds, snuffers, the first fluid lamps, the big solid cherry or walnut bedstead with its canopy and curtains, big brass dog-irons, spinning-wheel and reel," said Bessie Burnet Clark.

"Charles Jennings, Sr."

"I think there is a good lesson in the story father used to tell about the man who had a patch of flax to pull. He went out on Wednesday and said, 'Oh, that isn't a very big job; I can do that in three days.' He went out again Thursday and said, 'Oh, that isn't as big as I thought it was; I can do that in two days.' Then he went out Friday and said, 'Oh, that's a bigger job than I thought it was, so I'll just not do anything to it till Monday.' Father used to say of some things we had to do, 'We'll make a flax pulling case of it.' I fear we often do."

"Harry Honeywell."

"A young man dreamed one night that he was married to a certain young lady. He rushed over the next morning and told her of his dream, and then asked her, 'Can I shine? Can I shine?'"

"Maggie Glidewell."

"I'd rather push my work than have my work push me."

“William Percy.”

“This is one of Uncle Ernest Wiles’ favorites:

“ ‘Linsy, woolsy petticoat,
Appa loosy gown.
The way to keep your credit up,
Is to pay your money down.’ ”

“Now, Aunt Parthenia, you tell us a Cataract story.”

“All right. This is no joke, for it really happened. One winter, when I was a little girl, there came up an awful storm with snow and cold wind. There lived a widow, with six children, in a shell of a house one-half mile up the river. Father became worried about them, feeling sure they would suffer with cold. He told one of his hired men to take his wagon and team and go up and load them and their things into the wagon and bring them down to a house across the street from his home. In the meantime father got in logs and made a good warm fire and had the house warm when they got there. I imagine many sacks of flour and pounds of meat found their way to this widow’s home that cold winter, for which she never received a bill. This was only one of the many like deeds he and mother did for their fellow men. I think they must have believed, with Andrew Carnegie of today, when he says, ‘In my opinion, we live on this earth to serve our fellow men.’ Oh, I forgot to tell you this widow’s name. Listen to it: Rebecca Ransom Seymour Dudley Gifford Green Gray Moss Moore. She afterward added two more, but I’m not going to tell you what they were.”

“Aunt Myra, can’t you tell us a witch or ghost story connected with Cataract or the family?”

“My lands, yes! I almost forgot to tell them. One day I was talking with a little girl who lived in the old log cabin down near the lower falls and she told me that one day they saw a witch come into their back door and go over to their water bucket and put something into it, and after she

went away they threw the water out for fear she had put something in that would poison them.

“The ghost story mother told me and I feel sure the two young men were her brothers. They had been to see their sweethearts one Sunday night and as they went home they passed a graveyard. While they were looking into this, I can imagine with the chills creeping up and down their spine, they saw something white rise up and throw out its arms, then sink down again. This was repeated several times until the boys became so frightened that they whipped up their horses and raced for home. The next morning they investigated and found a grave had been partly dug and a sheep had gotten into it and was trying to get out, but would fall back again and again.”

The chairman smiled as he saw the little folks, with wide open eyes, creep closer to their mother's feet. They were perhaps glad when he said, “This will close our program for tonight, but I know you will be glad to come back tomorrow evening and hear of changes. Good night.”

THIRD EVENING.

“**I**, Anne Pickens, have the honor to serve you as chairman this evening.”
At the sound of her gavel the happy group, once more assembled around the blazing camp-fire, had become silent.

“You will permit me to say a few things, I know. I am happy to say that I have had the pleasure of wearing the honored name of Jennings from the day I was named. I believe that persons may be attached to others by fleshly ties, and the heart not be in the relationship. But I wish I could tell you how my heart goes out in love to this family. I am a granddaughter by birth, but I am one with them in heart. When I was a little baby my father, Dr. W. V. Wiles, was a surgeon in the Civil War, and was away for three years. My mother spent a part of the time with him, and when at home she had her hands full to care for home and children. And so it was that much of my babyhood and early childhood were spent in my grandfather’s house. How many times I have sat on his foot and he would give me a ride and say,

“‘Hop light, lady, if your cake isn’t dough;
Never mind the weather so the wind don’t blow.’

“How often it was my grandmother who soothed my sorrows and tied up my wounds! How much I shared the joys of my aunts and uncles! I learned to love this family as my own, and I do not think I flatter myself when I believe they love me in return.

“A part of this dark period of our life our whole family were at grandfather’s, and I love these grandparents for caring for us in our loneliness. My grandfather’s heart must have been such a one as that described by Sam Walter Foss, when he says:

“There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man:’

“My husband has said he thought my grandmother would be the first to meet me, when I enter the pearly gates, because I loved her so. And so you see that my heart is in this gathering tonight and while we sit around this camp-fire and talk of good old times, may our hearts grow warm and our thoughts, as the sparks, fly upward.

“We have lingered long over the history of dear old Cataract and now I am going to ask my Aunt Emma to tell us of the change of homes.”

“The morning that we started from Cataract was a beautiful one, June 24, 1863—father’s sixtieth birthday, as he counted it, for he counted the day he was born as one. We have already been told how father and mother had come to a wilderness, but now it was a little town we were leaving behind. Mother had said that the happiest time in her memory was the period of her early life there. But, like the garden of Eden, sin had entered in, and now she was glad to be going away. She had lived in such fear of some wicked men who had moved into the neighborhood. Her nights were broken with fears of having our home burned, or some other desperate thing happen. She did not know it at the time, but in after years this story came to her in this way. Dr. Wiles was called to see a sick man out near Spencer and, thinking it a professional call, answered the summons. The man told him he was going to die and felt that he could not die with this burden on his mind—the way he, with others, had planned to rob father. He told Dr. Wiles that they knew that father had gone to Greencastle and would bring

a large amount of money back with him. They formed a party, he being one of the party, and hid themselves in the bridge, intending to rob him when he came through. They waited a long time; when he did not come, they went east to the foot of the long hill, and thought to rob him there. They waited again, but he did not come.

“After Dr. Wiles told father the story he explained why they failed. Father made it a rule not to travel always the same way, and so on this occasion he had forded the river below the lower falls and came up the lane, and was probably safe in bed when they gave up their plot as a failure. At another time some one had run one of his fine horses over the bluffs.

“Since my mother had become so unhappy at Cataract and my father had grown tired of the burdens, so heavy at his time of life, he sold his belongings there for \$30,000, taking in part payment a farm of six hundred and forty acres, four miles south of Spencer, and a sawmill at White Hall.

“And so, on this beautiful morning in June, we left Cataract, with all its happy associations and all its beauty, behind us. My father, mother, Myra, Candace, Charlie and I went in a spring wagon, leaving Dora to come with the men, who were to bring our household goods.

“We traveled along through sunshine and shade, uphill and down through the dale, until we came to Spencer, a small town with probably one thousand or twelve hundred population. This was the county seat of Owen county.

“Just the other side of Spencer, we forded White river, and when we were in about the middle of the stream, Candace became frightened and said, ‘Let me out.’ Father said, ‘Get out’, but she didn’t. We got across in safety, and were soon at the Edwards hill. Finally there was a bend in the road, and there stood a little way back an old log schoolhouse, where we afterward spent so many



"The Old Kentucky Home" of the Yager Family



The Old Yager Spring House

happy days. We could see nearly a mile down the road and just beyond two long hills were in sight of two big barns. Beyond this a little way was our new home. The farm father named Acton Place, for the old Jennings home in England. Father had a sale before leaving Cataract, and had sold off much of our furniture, since we were leaving an eight-room house with its ten or eleven beds, to go into a cottage with three rooms. A part of our furniture we left at Cataract until father had added three rooms to the house on the farm.

"We reached the new home before the wagons with the goods, so they sent Candace and me to a neighbor's to borrow a broom. We had to go down a hill, and this hill was covered with long, beautiful grass, waving in the breeze. We stepped from our path and lay down and rolled a part of the way. Mrs. Stoneman kindly told us not to do so again for it spoiled the grass. We let mother know about it, and then came one of the trials of my life, for she sent us back to apologize.

"We did not have time to set up all of our beds, so we young folks slept on the floor; we could hear an occasional grunt or squeal of the hogs beneath said floor.

"Before we got our remaining furniture from Cataract, Myra's bed was a feather bed on a door, laid on top of two goods boxes.

"We found some of the rare people of earth for our neighbors, among them the Edwards and Howes. What Amon P. Howe's family meant to us we can never tell. It was a daughter Annie who gave the name 'Hardscrabble' to our schoolhouse, because of the trouble she had in making a fire, when a teacher there.

"Oh, that dear old schoolhouse! It was at the top of a hill. How I loved to play in a branch at the bottom of this hill in the summer or skate on it in the winter. What wonderful times we had swinging on the branches of the beech trees grow-

ing on the hillside! I remember, as a very young girl, I gazed out of the windows of the old school-house, to see SOME ONE pass by.

"And the school exhibitions we used to have where I declaimed, 'The Song of the Shirt,' and Myra was in Mrs. Partington's play as Mrs. Wiggins and read a fine essay tied with its blue ribbons. And Charlie had a speech about a frog, the last line of which was, 'Adown he goes keer-chug,' and he jumped from the platform to illustrate it. Dora played the 'Category,' which was arranged by putting a number of cats in a box with their tails sticking through holes in the box. At the proper time Dora pulled the tails. It was here that Tom Wiles taught and it was his exhibition. People came from miles around to attend.

"It was in this old schoolhouse that Dora and I, with others of our young friends, gave our hearts to Christ, under the preaching of B. M. Blount, who baptized us later, in White river, near Spencer. Here we also sometimes had a backwoods preacher, who preached after the manner of the one in 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.'

"It was here we had our singings, debates and spelling-schools. Sometimes the sleigh rides with our best beaux were of more interest to us than was our profit.

"We used to have a good time attending singing school at Bethel, a Baptist church about two miles from our house. It was taught by 'Uncle Billy Sadler,' who had taught a singing school years before in our dining room at Cataract and mother was one of the pupils.

"It was at this Bethel school that we were associated with Newell Sanders, who was later a classmate of mine in Indiana University and who married another classmate, Corinne Dodds. He has recently been a United States senator from Tennessee.

"Here, too, we were much with G. L. Wharton, who became a missionary to India and whose grave

is near Calcutta, India, so far from his old home.

"We were much interested in politics while we lived on the farm and we were singers in Democratic rally wagons, and were dressed in white dresses and wore red, white and blue sashes and caps.

"In the winter we had such good times sleigh riding, and Dora used to wish for snows, 'for the sake of the wheat,' he said.

"And then there were the picnics in the summer. But, how often it would rain the day before and we would hope every time it rained real hard that 'it was the clearing up shower.'

"It was while we lived here that we got our first sewing machine, 'the Leavitt,' getting it at Louisville. While here, too, father was elected township trustee and this brought the library into our home. There were many good books, among them a set of Abbott's histories, 'The Cotta Family,' and Holland's 'Bitter Sweet.' Myra and I had become great chums and many happy days we spent together, in the good country air, making fun out of our burdens, and trying to read the future by 'trying our fortunes' in many ways.

"But another life became associated with hers, and there came a time when our lives must, in a way, diverge. And so we prepared for another wedding. The date was set as near my birthday as could be, not to be on it. It was December 17, 1867. The bride was dressed in white swiss and wore a bridal wreath. The minister, Harrison Hight, came from Spencer. The guests were a few intimate friends. It was one of the happiest days of the bride's life when she became the wife of Joshua Benton Curtis. After a few weeks they went to live at Spencer, and there were many happy days for me in that home.

"Now, I am sure I have said enough, for once in my life, so will let some one else have a chance."

"I want to tell something," said Jay Peden. "Did you ever hear what was the subject of my Great-uncle Dora's composition at the school exhibition Aunt Emma told about? For fear you didn't I'll tell you; it was a bigger subject than Mt. Popocatipetel in Mexico, for it was something like this, 'The immutability of the unchanging universe,' at least the universe, and he was a boy about fourteen or fifteen years of age."

"I was living near my grandfather's old home in the country during the cold New Year so often referred to," said Florence Wiles Scofield, of Denver. "It had been raining the day before and when we got up the next morning it was 22 degrees below zero, and the severe cold killed the peach trees; it is remembered as an awful experience by those living at that time."

"Oh, say, you ought to hear father tell about the log-rollings they used to have," remarked William Jennings. "They made what they called a log-rolling and invited the neighbors in to help, and then they stayed to dinner. It was a great occasion, and the cooks baked 'teen pies and boiled a ham and made loaves and loaves of bread and had fruit and vegetables accordingly. Really, so much had been prepared that you could hardly miss what they had eaten. Father, why don't you have a log-rolling sometime? Yum-yum!"

"Mary had a little lamb," said Sarah Peden, "and they used to have a lot of lambs out on the farm, and after they were grown the farmers would shear them; sometimes the women would make 'wool pickings' and ask the neighbor women in to help and they would stay to dinner. I think I'd rather eat the dinner than pick the wool, for it was greasy and something made them so sleepy."

"I wish I could have lived on that wonderful farm," said Mary Wiles. "I wish Aunt Myra would tell us of the apple parings they used to have when grandfather and grandmother lived in their cozy cabin."

"Well, Mary," answered Myra, "there were a great many apples raised in that part of the country, and sometimes one neighbor would invite others in to help pare their apples. The young folks would go and have a good time together. Sometimes we would have more fun than anything else. We would usually be treated to pie, gingerbread and cider, and then go home with our beaux."

"That was a wise saying of my grandfather, Dr. Wiles," said Helen Peden—"Better aim at the moon and miss it than to aim so low you stick in the mire."

"That was another wise one my ancestor used to say," remarked Dan Wiles: "Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head and the other a mutton."

"It was on the farm that father would sometimes come in and find us girls sitting down resting in the morning," said Myra, "and would say, 'Oh, here is Teeny Dehart who went to bed to rest before she began her washing.'"

"I know a joke on Myra," said Charlie. "She had been told that if a hen was set on Easter Sunday, there would be a chicken of every color. So she went up in the hayloft and set a hen, but did not go back until time for the hen to hatch. She found the hen, eggs and nest were all gone, and upon inquiry found that Dora had taken the eggs to feed his horse Sallie, to make her slick!"

"Dora was a captain in many things," said Emma, "but he was not all mischief and fun. I have thought so often of his devotion to mother. I think his favorite war song was, 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' the chorus of which was:

"Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain."

"He has often said that when tempted to go with other young men into the 'red light district'

of Louisville, he had thought of what mother would think to know he was there, and he turned away from the temptation. His tender love and devotion were again shown when he asked to look once more at her face before the casket was closed forever. We girls all loved our mother dearly, but there seemed to be a peculiar love felt for her by her sons. Charlie did so much for her when she needed him, and wanted her dressed warmly after she died."

"Wouldn't you think it enough to have attended 'Hardscrabble' school?" asked Virginia Pickens. "But it was because my great-grandfather had felt the need of a higher education himself, that he wanted his children to have what he had missed, and although he was at that time a stockholder in what is now Butler College, he decided to go to Bloomington, the seat of Indiana University."

"Father, what did grandfather do with the farm when he left it?" asked Nellie Jennings.

"Why, Nellie, do you want to go there to live?" asked her father. "You might get a berth, as it is now the County Poor Farm! But it was not so for a long time after we left it. Brother Tom Wiles moved into our old home and took charge of our farm along with his and stayed there for three or four years."

"I was born on that wonderful farm," said Nettie Wiles Percy. "I wish I could remember how Aunt Emma looked when she was dropping corn for my father. I wonder what were her wages. No wonder she wanted an education, so she could get a better job. Think of father's nickname for her: Emeline Katherine Kickaboo Abengo Mexico Elizabeth Jane Toe Emy Ginnins."

"Aunt Emma," said the chairman, "if it isn't imposing on good nature, I want you to tell us something about going to Bloomington, and I want Uncle Dora to assist you, for it probably meant more to you two than the rest."

"Yes, I'll admit it meant much to me, considering what I was leaving," said Emma.

"We were leaving the old home, where I had spent so many happy days of my girlhood; we were leaving some choice friends and neighbors. Mollie Howe and Myra had been devoted friends, but both were gone, and I was leaving my darling friend, Carrie Howe, who had taught me to make paper dolls, and now we were talking of our sweethearts, and we were leaving Sister Julia and family. The Stoneman family were good people and good neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. Stoneman had come from England.

"Yes, we were leaving behind the old log school-house, with its precious memories; the wooded hills, the apple orchards, the cool, deep well with the old oaken bucket; the big barns where I had climbed to their highest rafters, to look into the pigeons' nests; we were leaving the spacious meadows and cornfields, the humble cottage home, the old associates, many of whom I never saw again; but, girls, you may sympathize more deeply with me when I say I was leaving behind my girlhood sweetheart."

"But I lived through it, and am here to tell the story. It was on April 1, 1868, for I remember that father, mother and the younger members of the family were driving behind one of the wagons and when one of us got out and picked up what seemed to be a bundle that had dropped there accidentally, 'twas found to be an 'April fool,' left by some one in front. When we reached Bloomington and looked through the windows of the big house that was to be our home, how big and bare were the rooms! But the location was fine, with its large sugar trees in the yard, and we had lots of room for our chickens, cow, horse and garden. It was known as the D. Eckley Hunter house, and it is still standing.

"After we were settled, we three children, Can-

dace, Charles and I, started to the public school and Dora entered 'Prep.' at college. The first day I went to the Central school house, as it was then called, now the colored school; but before noon Mr. Cole came and told me I could go in the afternoon to the Seminary. Quick promotion! As I went home I lost my way. Just think of it, in the Bloomington of that time! But I was found by a good friend.

"We had not been there long when Father started to England for the purpose of looking into the matter of the estate left by his grandfather's brother, John Jennings. But I pause to say—there was one link missing, because a part of the record that would prove his right to the estate had been removed. He was in England on his birthday, June 24. He was gone about two months and returned in August about the time of the total eclipse of the sun that year."

"My! I wish I could have seen the eclipse," said Evelyn Honeywell.

"I'd rather have gone to England," said Priscilla Sloan, with a far-away look in her eye.

"Aunt Emma, didn't it make him sick to cross the ocean?" asked Alice Peden.

"No Alice; he had been on the water too much and was too wise. As usual the tables were loaded the first days with good things to eat, but he ate sparingly and so was able to eat every meal," replied Emma.

"I wish I had had my grandfather's wisdom when I started to South America," remarked Ralph Baird.

"I wish you would listen to a joke my great-grandfather used to tell and laugh over," remarked Margaret Honeywell. "A family were seated at the breakfast table when a neighbor girl came in, and they asked her to have some breakfast. She replied 'No thank you, I have just dined on the wing of a lark.' The man of the house said, 'Yes, I see you have left one of its feathers on your bosom.' It was a lump of mush."

"Now, I think I'll say what I have to say about our life at Bloomington," said Dora.

"You have already heard that I entered 'Prep' when we first went there. I was in college for several years, but finally thought I would like to be a lawyer. Father got me Blackstone—and I studied it for several weeks, and then suddenly changed my mind. I taught my first school about this time up near Cloverdale. Father didn't think it a very great financial success, for he used to say I pawned my overcoat for money to come home on. But I think that was only one of his jokes.

"Oh, I must tell you something else, boys. One vacation I wanted to make some money. So I sold my beautiful Sallie horse and took a partnership in a hoop-skirt manufactory. I think I came out financially about like I did with the school, but I don't know how my partner came out. He made the hoop skirts and I went about over the country selling them, along with rat traps. I guess I got into a trap."

"Was that the time you sold cider, Grandpa Jennings?" asked Nellie Glidewell.

"Yes sir, I've seen the glass you used, when you sold it, grandpa, down at Aunt Myra's," volunteered Lucile Glidewell.

"No, children, that was when I was young and lived on the farm," Dora said. "But I had enough money, from some source, to help buy the sun dial for the college and had lots of fun. Yes, maybe I had too much fun, for I never completed my college course. I unwisely decided to stop college and go into business at Utica, Indiana.

"And like many other young men you became a victim of Dan Cupid, and were married to Miss Summers, Nov. 26, 1872," said Emma. "You and Sister Maggie came home with me from Utica, on your wedding trip. In the next month there came a very heavy cloud over our happiness, for Brother Bent died Dec. 28. Myra came on the 29th to make her home with us, and on that night there

came a beautiful brown-eyed boy to her.

"At this time I was nearing the completion of my college course and I thought it would be very novel for me to marry on my graduation day."

"That's when I came into the family," remarked Thomas J. Clark.

"And I don't think he regrets it after forty-one years, especially since he has heard this history," said Emma. "We were married July 3, 1873, I wearing the same lavender silk for both occasions."

"Yes," said her daughter, Carrie Jennings Clark, as it was, "for I followed her example and I married Sherman Gerhart June 15, 1898, on my graduation day."

"And whether wise or not, I followed the example of my mother and older sister," said Grace, "and I married Wilbur Fisher on my graduation day, June 19, 1907. Since it was his, too, we were married in our senior caps and gowns."

"And some one said, almost as soon as Grace was married, that they could see my finish," remarked Ruth. "But time alone can tell, since I intend to graduate in 1916—and then 'we shall see what we shall see.' I will be the last member of my family to graduate in Indiana University, if I carry out my plans."

"But we are digressing," said Emma.

"Perhaps so," remarked Lillie Fullerton, "but I want to say that my father was a classmate of Aunt Emma."

"I think it was romantic, the way my mother was married," said Nora Baird Marx. "She went down about Christmas to visit Aunt Emma at Vincennes. Then she went on to visit Aunt Julia at Mt. Carmel, Ill., and there met my father, Frank Baird. It seemed to be almost 'love at first sight,' for on Sept. 8, 1874, they were married at Bloomington by Uncle Tom Clark. They went to Mt. Carmel to live, and they lived there or in the vicinity until my mother's death, Feb. 27, 1908. And

there we buried her, looking like one asleep in her beautiful casket, surrounded by an abundance of flowers, from loving friends. It was a fitting tribute, for she had done so much for others."

"Well, I wasn't a member of the family then," said Charlie Clark, "but I got to read a part of mother's diary, while she lived at Bloomington; and I said if I had been there father wouldn't have gotten her. So, you see what I thought of her as a girl."

"This mother o' mine," remarked Thomas Curtis Clark, is the connecting link between me and this family, and I'll tell you what I think of her at the age of sixty-one:

Her girlish charm has vanished now,
The lines are many on her brow;
No longer do her quiet ways
Bring atmosphere of spring-like days;
The years have tinged her hair with gray,
Her feet grow weary with the day;
But of the friends God gave to me,
There's none so beautiful as she—

My Mother.

How many stories she could tell
Of weary days, and nights as well,
Spent uncomplaining through the years,
For those she loved! What cares and fears
Have burdened her! Perhaps her hope
Oft left her till her heart could grope
By steps of prayer back to the light!
What faith was hers in God's great Right—

My Mother's!

May every year now left to her
Be filled with joy. May few tears blur
Her hope-lit vision. May her way
But fairer grow with each good day,
And dew-tipped roses make each dawn
A paradise to her. Upon
Her gracious form may God's love smile,
And from her heart all cares beguile—

My Mother's."

"I may never be a poet like Uncle Tom," said

Emmerson Gerhart. "But I like to sing and I can sing as well maybe as grandma did when she tried to sing the old song, 'I Love Jesus, Yes I Do,' and sang, 'I lub a Deewac, yep me do.'"

"I'm glad my middle name is Jennings, and I hope I will be able to do it honor," said Burnet Jennings Clark.

"Well," said Charles Clark, Jr., "my name isn't Jennings, but I'm proud to say I am Charles the fourth on the Yager side of the family."

"I remember of hearing my mother tell how my great-grandfather used to play with her when she was a real little girl," said Charles Gerhart. "He used to take her hands and move them around over each other very slowly and say:

"Boys and girls going to school,
Boys and girls going to school."

And then he would move them the other way very rapidly and say,

"Here they come back
Here they come back!"

"I am glad the custom of making birthday cakes has come down from the one my great-grandfather had made for my Grandma Clark when she was a little girl," said Helen Fisher.

"I think since Cataract is on the river my name is appropriate, and I want you to know me as 'the little Fisher maiden,'" said little Hazel Fisher with her head thrown to one side.

"Now," said the chairman, "I know we have enjoyed this immensely, but 'tempus fugit,' or in plain English, time flies, and so I am going to ask Jennings Benton Curtis, who was so closely related to my grandmother and grandfather in the evening of their lives, to tell us about their connection with Greencastle."

"And I am noted for my little speaking, but I'll try to tell you," said Benton. "I lived in my grandfather's family at Bloomington, until I was about



Jennings Family Group
At Cataract, Indiana, July 26, 1900, at Lower Falls

five years of age. My grandfather's brother John was in poor health, and since there was nothing especial to hold us at Bloomington, grandfather took his family, consisting of grandmother, Uncle Charlie, my mother and me to Greencastle, that he might care for his invalid brother. Before this time grandfather again owned the Cataract property, this having come back to him through an unpaid mortgage; for he had traded it before coming to Greencastle for a half interest in a printing and publishing house in Indianapolis. This was supposed to be worth \$15,000. Soon after coming to Greencastle, grandfather found he had unwisely trusted the men who made the trade, and was informed that he had lost everything. This was a hard blow to him after his hard work of years, and he was at this time about seventy-five years old. This loss seemed to break my grandmother's heart, and her health began to fail. I cannot praise too highly the manliness of Uncle Charlie, at this trying time. He had gone through the Freshman year in Indiana University before he left Bloomington, and on coming to Greencastle he had expected to enter De Pauw College. But when he found that grandfather had lost everything he gave this plan up and went to work in a grocery store at two dollars a week, this being the best position he could get, since he was so much of a stranger. He did not work here long, but got a position in a dry goods store at a much better salary.

"My grandmother's health continued to fail, and on the morning of Feb. 14, 1880, she left us, and in the snow-clad cemetery we buried her. This proved to be a sad year for the family, for on the first of May Aunt Maggie died, and the latter part of the same month Aunt Myra, Uncle John's wife, left us. She had come early in her life, from the East, to Greencastle, as a missionary. In June my great-grandmother Yager died.

"After the death of Aunt Myra we moved into Uncle John's house, that we might better care for

him. Here, in the spring of 1889, he, too, died, leaving grandfather the only living member of the family.

"One of the sad things of grandfather's life came to him in 1893, at the age of 89, for he became blind. Uncle Dora took him to a specialist at Louisville, but he advised against the removal of the cataracts. Finally, one day after he began to go blind, he handed his watch to mother, saying, 'Put it away, I have no use for it any more.' After this, in 1898, he was trying to get seated in his chair one day, and he caught his foot under his cane; this threw him, and he fell to the floor, breaking his hip with a compound fracture. The physician set it, weighting his foot as if he had been a much younger man, but not expecting him to live. For several days his life hung in the balance. But, brave old soldier that he was, he rallied and after some time he was able to walk on this foot. This was when he was ninety-four years of age. At eighty-eight he had helped to stack wheat out at Cousin John Bence's. After this accident he never walked very far, but was taken to the polls where he voted for William Jennings Bryan. This proved to be his last vote."

"I know it was a great sorrow in my poor great-grandfather's life when my beautiful, sweet grandmother Williams died," said Willis Renick. "It could be truly said of her, 'to know her was to love her.' She was much at our house and we loved her dearly, but on Aug. 15, 1901, she left us to receive the crown that was surely waiting for her."

"Yes, and how I loved my grandpa Williams," said Kathryn Williams, "who came to make his home with us for awhile. He died at our home in Brazil, April 13, 1912, at the age of eighty-five, but was taken back to Greencastle and buried by the side of my dear grandmother."

"Now, Cousin Benton," remarked Mary Renick, "I want to say I knew this wonderful grandfather,

and I want to add my word of appreciation of him. I came to visit at his home in Greencastle, and met Henry Renick, who proved to be my future husband. I hope we may profit by the example of patience and good cheer this grandfather set for us. One of the last things he said before he died was to me, and he said, 'I wish you well.' "

"I have heard it said," remarked Mary Louise Renick, "that when he was told what my name was, he said, 'she is Queen Louise.' "

"I wish he had called me queen," said little Virginia Keith.

"Well," remarked Annie Mary Keith, "Benton spoke of great-grandfather as a brave old soldier. I think with this we will all agree, for while he never went out to war, with sword and shield, he fought many battles for his fellowmen, and for us. One time when the political parties were holding rallies in Owen county, the Democrats offered a prize to the township having the largest delegation at a special rally. Our great-grandfather threw himself into the fight, and after the rally, bore away the beautiful silk flag."

"Hurrah for the red, white and blue, and for my great-great-grandfather, too," said little Kathryn Keith.

"I think it is proper for me to resume my part of the history at Greencastle," said Benton. "The aunts may need some time to 'swap' recipes before they retire. It was at one of the reunions at our home, that Uncle Dora introduced to the Jennings family my Aunt Maude, and at another time my Uncle Charlie brought home his Southern bride, who was Miss Ida Bondurant, of Paducah, where he was engaged in business and had become very successful.

"I have failed to mention a very important feature of grandfather's life. He was a very ardent Mason. He took his first degree at Spencer, riding in from the farm, four miles, to attend the meetings. Just before going to England he went

to Indianapolis and took the 'Scottish Rite' or 'Thirty-second degree of Masonry,' going as far as possible for him at that time. He had been sick but very little in his life. Perhaps one reason for this was the wisdom he used in diet. His rule was to stop eating before he had over-eaten. He decided about thirty years before his death that it was not good for him to eat meat, except fish and fowl. He was a man of very strong will and conscience too: one time I killed some quails just a few days before the law was out, so that he might have some, since he was sick; but because they had been killed against the law, he would not eat a bite of them.

"Finally, in January of 1902, he took a severe cold, which proved to be a bronchial pneumonia. His cough would not yield to medical treatment, and though he had been a victor in so many of life's battles, this was one time he must needs yield to another, and on January 30, 1902, at the age of nearly ninety-eight years, he fell asleep. The members of the family were summoned and on February 1 his funeral was held at the Christian Church at Greencastle. Among the beautiful floral tributes was one from the Scottish Rite Masons of Indianapolis. The Masons held their impressive service at the grave, and again in the snow-clad cemetery we left a loved one. My dear kindred, what this man was to me words cannot tell.

"I must tell you of one other important event that came to the Jennings family at Greencastle, for I added to their number as my wife Bertha McCoy."

As the speaker closed his talk, a young man arose and addressed the chairman:

"I feel that there is an honor that falls to me that none of you can claim or share. I, Robert Renick," he said, as he held up to view a little child of about eight months, "beg leave to present to you Robert Renick, Jr., the first son of the

eighth generation from Humphrey Jennings, and the first son of the tenth generation from Nicholas Yager, being the youngest child in the Jennings-Yager family." He raised the little baby hand and waved it to the assembled group, and the baby smiled and said, "Bye-bye."

It was with a sad, sweet smile that the chairman arose and said: "Our fire is burning low and though we might continue this history far into the night, it is fitting that we now bring it to a close. As we have traced it along, from generation to generation, we have been deeply interested and have learned many things about our ancestors.

"We see, too, how life is a mixture of joys and sorrows, the evil and the good, the bitter and the sweet. There is a story of a rich woman who gave but little while she lived. She had a poor washerwoman who gave liberally. The rich woman dreamed that she went to heaven and when her new home was shown to her, it was a very poor, humble affair, and when she saw her washerwoman's it was a fine mansion. She asked why it was that the washerwoman's was so fine and hers so poor. She was told that this was all the material she had sent up for her house!

"As we look back over the lives of grandfather and grandmother Jennings we are justified in believing that if their mansions in heaven are prepared according to the teachings of this dream, they must be beautiful!

"It is said that General Booth wished to send a cablegram to his Salvation Army across the waters. The message he sent consisted of one word, 'Others.' How much the lives of our grandparents were spent for OTHERS!

"There was a custom of my grandfather that I want to mention in this connection. Sometimes, when he was planting a tree, a shrub or a rose, he would say: 'I may never enjoy it, but maybe some one will. It may be that some one else is planting a rose for me.' How full of this spirit

have been the lives of my dear grandmother and grandfather! May we emulate their example!

“I thank you for the honor of being your chairman at the close of this happy occasion, and now we will all stand, and while in our hearts we thank God, the giver of all that is good, for these ancestors and blessings unnumbered, with clasped hands we will form a loving circle around this camp fire and sing:

“Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o’auld lang syne?

“‘For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne.
We’ll take a cup o’kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.’

“GOOD NIGHT.”



Theodore Cole Jennings at the age of 97

THE OLD MILL AT CATARACT.

BY THEODORE SPENCER JENNINGS OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

My father's old mill was built about the year 1842, and was what is known as the old water mill. A place was blasted out of the side of the rock over which the water-falls ran. A dam was made across the river, above the mill, causing the water to run into a mill-race that the power might be used to run the mill.

The old stone burrs were used to grind the wheat and corn. Above the burrs was one hopper that held many bushels of wheat and another for the corn.

After the flour was ground it was carried above in what was called elevator cups, which were fastened on a belt. This was run constantly and emptied the flour into another larger hopper; then it was run through very fine bolting cloth where it was separated from the bran.

It was then run down through a large wooden trough and packed into barrels.

In 1860, father had a turbine wheel put into use instead of the over-shot wheel.

There were three carding machines and one large machine that we called a "Jack" for spinning the rolls into yarn for weaving. Sometimes these rolls were taken home for the women to spin into yarn and then knit into stockings or weave into blankets, flannel or linsey.

The flour mill and woolen mill were in one building and run by the same water power—and a saw-mill was built above this where many saw logs were brought and sawed into lumber.

The old mill of my father is one of my precious memories. When it was built the question arose as to who would go out and cover the roof that projected over the falls. Not a man would go—and so my father went. One time when he was

working there he started to fall and his trousers caught on a nail and prevented his falling. The old cherry desk that was there when my father owned the mill has recently been removed to Paducah, Ky., as a precious memento. So much for the mill, but I will not try to tell of the miller, of whom it was said many years after, "he was a man among a thousand, yes, ten thousand."

JENNINGS FAMILY RECORD.

First Generation:

Humphrey Jennings.

Second Generation:

William Jennings (Iron Master).

Third Generation:

John Jennings.

William Jennings.

Anne Jennings.

Sarah Jennings.

Fourth Generation: Along the line of William Jennings: John Jennings, Dinchey Jennings.

Fifth Generation—Along the line of John Jennings:

Dinchey Jennings married Mr. Tyler.

William Jennings married—.

Elizabeth Jennings married Eli Rose.

Letitia Jennings married Robert Tyler.

Julia Jennings married George Griffey.

John Spencer Jennings married Parthenia Van-DYKE ~~deve~~ and Myra Jewett.

Theodore Cole Jennings married Emily Ann Yager.

Sabina Jennings married Mr. Stout.

Candace Jennings married William Kidd.

Ariadne Jennings married Mr. Knight.

Infant.

Births and Deaths. 1804

Theodore Cole Jennings. Born June 24, ¹⁸⁰⁴ Died Jan. 30, 1902.

Emily Ann Yager. Born November 10, 1815. Died Feb. 18, 1880.

DESCENDANTS.

Mary Matilda. Born April 20, 1835. Died Aug. 15, 1901.

Julia Adeline. Born Feb. 3, 1837.

Parthenia Ione. Born Jan. 25, 1839.

John William. Born April 7, 1841. Died Sept. 27, 1842.

Elisha Thomas. Born Oct. 29, 1844. Died July 24, 1855.

Myra Ann. Born Feb. 28, 1847.

Theodore Spencer. Born June 7, 1850.

Emma Rose. Born Dec. 18, 1852.

Alla Candace. Born June 19, 1855. Died Feb. 27, 1909.

Charles Edward. Born Feb. 18, 1858.

Marriages.

Theodore Cole Jennings married Emily Ann Yager.

Mary Matilda Jennings married Jefferson Williams.

Julia Adeline Jennings married Thomas M. Wiles.

Parthenia Ione Jennings married William V. Wiles.

Myra Ann Jennings married Joshua Benton Curtis.

Theodore Spencer Jennings married Maggie Summers; Maude Fogleman.

Emma Rose Jennings married Thomas Jefferson Clark.

Alla Candace Jennings married Frank Baird.

Charles Edward Jennings married Ida Bondurant.

* * *

YAGER FAMILY RECORD.

First generation—Nicholas Yager.

Second generation—Adam Yager, born in Germany.

Third generation—Michael, Barbara, John, Nicholas, Adam and Godfrey.

Fourth generation—Along the line of Adam. Elisha, Nathaniel, James, John Adam, Philip, Jeremiah, Joel and Jemima.

Fifth generation—Along the line of Elisha. Joel, James, Lucy, Matilda, Sarah and Harriet.

Sixth generation—Along the line of Joel, who married Mary (Polly) Yewell. William Henry Harrison, Emily Ann, Louisa Jane, Sarah Adeline, James Berry, Elisha Gibbs, Amanda Elmira, Mary Ellen, Simeon Sherley, Joel Francis, John Adam,

Thomas Benjamin Allen, Elisha Temple, Charles Edward, Infant.

James Yewell and Nancy Sherley—Simeon, Margaret, Jeremiah, Julius, Martin, Patsy, Levi, Lucinda, Mary (Polly) and Nellie.

OLD SAYINGS, SIGNS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

“Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.”

* * *

“Don’t count your chickens before they are
hatched.”

* * *

“Where there’s a will there’s a way.”

* * *

“Where there is much smoke there is sure to be
some fire.”

* * *

“Pretty is as pretty does.”

* * *

“Better have the good will of a dog than his ill
will.”

* * *

“A short horse is soon curried.”

* * *

“Don’t ride a free horse to death.”

* * *

“Time and tide wait for no man.”

* * *

“Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.”

* * *

“As you make your bed, so you shall lie.”

* * *

“Everybody to his own notion, as the old woman
said when she kissed the cow.”

* * *

“A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.”

* * *

“Think three times before you speak.”

“It’s an ill wind that blows nobody good.”

* * *

“Better to wear out than rust out.”

* * *

“Every tub must sit on its own bottom.”

* * *

“A poor excuse is better than none.”

* * *

“There are more ways to kill a dog than to choke him on butter.”

* * *

“There is many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip.”

* * *

“A penny saved is a penny earned.”

* * *

“They that wash on Monday have all the week to dry,
They that wash on Tuesday have not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday are not so much to blame,
They that wash on Thursday, wash for shame.
They that wash on Friday, wash for need,
They that wash on Saturday are slouches indeed.”

* * *

“Born on Monday, full of grace,
Born on Tuesday, fair of face;
Born on Wednesday, full of woe,
Born on Thursday, far to go.
Born on Friday, living and giving,
Born on Saturday, work hard for a living.
Those that are born on the Sabbath day,
Are good and great, fair and gay.”

* * *

“Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, meet a stranger.
Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for news;

Sneeze on Thursday, a new pair of shoes.

Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow;

Sneeze on Saturday, you'll see your beau tomorrow.

Sneeze on Sunday, 'the bad man' will have you next week."

* * *

"If your right ear burns some one is talking good about you; if your left burns some one is talking evil."

* * *

"Sing before you eat, you'll have bad luck the rest of the day."

* * *

"Sneeze before you eat, you'll have company before you sleep."

* * *

"If your nose itches, some one is coming."

* * *

"If you drop your fork at the table a man is coming.

If you drop your knife a woman is coming."

* * *

"If your hand itches you will receive or spend money—R for receive it; L for let go."

* * *

"If you see the moon over your right shoulder and the sky clear, you will have good luck.

If over the left and through the trees, bad."

* * *

"If the sun rises clear and a cloud passes over it before it is an hour high, it will rain that day if only ten drops."

* * *

"If your foot itches you are going to walk on strange ground; if it is your right, you will go where you are welcome; if your left, unwelcome."



Lower Falls of Eel River, Cataract, Indiana

“See a pin and leave it lay, you’ll need a pin another day.”

* * *

“If you dream of a snake, you have an enemy.”

* * *

“If you dream of losing your teeth you’ll lose friends.”

* * *

“If you tell your dream before breakfast it will come true.

* * *

“If you dream of a wedding you’ll hear of a death, and vice versa.

* * *

“If you dream of old shoes, it is a sign of a journey.

* * *

“If you dream of eating it is a sign of sickness.”

* * *

“A morning rain is like an old woman’s dance: it is soon over.”

* * *

“Anything to fill up, as the mule said when he ate the thistle.”

* * *

“The early bird catches the worm.”

* * *

“All’s well that ends well.”

Clark Descendent of Early Vincennes,
Indiana

S. Caroline Clark ----- Van Fossen

B. Sept. 12, 1858

P.B. Vincennes, Indiana

Profession-- school teacher in one
of Nashville, Indiana's one-room
cabin schools

M. June 9, 1881

D. January 18, 1942

A Reunion Book

Given by -- Ray Van Fossen

B. April 24, 1889

D. August 3, 1965

_____ Mrs. Ray Van Fossen

